

Musique

Theatre of Tragedy

I synthesise and press a lighted key
Redo from start, I need more rhythm
Turn it on, compose a melody
A catchy beat, I put it on repeat
1 and 4 was for the Commodore
Start and stop, where's the perfect pitch?
I program more, but still it's incomplete I'm gonna make a perfect line
I won't give up until I tap my feet.
I won't give up that magic rhyme
Gonna make it stick to your mind
Got to hear it just one more time
Computer music is just like oxygen
I need the recipe for the perfect melody Timbre and tone, I want it synthetic
Try and fail, again, again, again
I add more tracks, run out of DSP
Knobs and sliders, no button pushing matrix
Dadaistic, nothing too profound
Electric music resounding all around
Gonna make it stick to your mind I'm gonna make a perfect line
I won't give up that magic rhyme
Got to hear it just one more time

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